

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND IT.

When everything is going wrong,
And nothing goes to suit you,
When men, instead of shaking hands,
Seem more inclined to boot you,
Don't be discouraged, nor cast down,
Nor swear, nor cry confound it!
Brace up, and let your spirits climb!
You're bound to find, in course of time,
Some way to get around it.

And when the mother of your wife,
According to the fashion,
Insists on living at your house,
Don't fly up in a passion,
But when your temper starts to rise,
Just push it down and ground it.
Her very presence you may hate,
Clear up! and you'll find, soon or late,
Some way to get around it!

If with a maiden you're in love,
And round her waist are trying
To get your arm, while she resists
With efforts most unending,
Don't get excited, fume nor praise,
Nor beat your breast and ground it.
Upon her waist, just keep your eye,
And you'll discover, if you try,
Some way to get around it.

—Laurance American.

A TRIUMPH.

BY WATSON GRAY.

It is a great thing to be a hero; the proverb of no man holding an estimable position in the eyes of his valet, may or may not be true; I can't say, as I never had one, the nearest approach to anything of the kind being our old black nurse, Dinah; and, as far as she was concerned, I can't flatter myself that my boyish escapades were considered as even approaching the heroic. But despite the disadvantages which irrepressible prosaic childhood labors under in attaining the character of an idol of romance, by a fortuitous circumstance I managed to surmount them all, and for the few years which followed (ere I emerged from the grub state of jackets into the chrysalis one of "tails"), I deemed my right to be thought such unassailable.

My grandfather was a stern old man; even at this distance of time, I seem to hear, with undiminished awe, his deep-toned summons for the cane, on those occasions when he fancied present physical suffering the best means of securing my future moral happiness. And though the hand that dealt those kindly cruel blows has long since palsied in the grave, it needs no strong effort of fancy to recall the Damoclean feelings with which I gazed on that uplifted rod. I had just come home from my week's holiday at Christmas from a boarding-school. The tedious, leaden-footed days, which had preceded that period had been spent by my friend, Ote Irving (son of a neighboring friend of grandfather's) and myself in preparing a grand dramatic performance, to take place on the time-hallowed boards of our parlor.

In conjunction with some other young aspirants for dramatic fame residing in the vicinity, we had pitched on a melodrama of the conventional blood-thirsty type as the most eligible way of displaying our conventional histrionic talent. Long and anxious consultations had taken place in the dead of night in our dormitory regarding the interesting details of our momentous enterprise. Stormy and fierce were the debates as to the greater desirability of ten cents' expenditure in green fire for the thrilling climax, or as to the advantage of that sum being invested in horse hair, for the "crime-stained villain's" beard. Indeed, on one occasion, a resort to blows seemed imminent, when Ote and I were each firmly persuaded of the other's incapacity to play the chivalric-minded false hero, who after having been killed in the terrible combat (real sword) of the third act, appears as a beneficent apparition in the final scene, and blesses everybody to the plaintive strains of an accordion! Rehearsals innumerable were constantly taking place, and to such a height did the dramatic furor reach, that from our extraordinary manner of performing the most common acts of everyday life, our master grew seriously alarmed and dubious as to our sanity.

At length came the long looked for day, bringing a short respite from scholastic horrors. To us, who, proud in the consciousness of having a real drama in perspective, were inclined to treat anything not strictly theatrical with contempt! The speeches, songs, and general milk-and-water nature of the usual entertainments at such times seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable.

It was with a heart beating high in hope and pride that, the morning after my arrival home, I walked toward my grandfather's sanctum, to reveal our darling-cherished project, and to obtain his sanction and countenance for the forthcoming arrangements. Hitherto he had been inclined to treat my favorite pastimes as being vulgar, and now I felt almost dignified at the thought of the joyous surprise he would manifest on learning the ennobling turn my mind had taken. In a few moments my plans were divulged; and I was hastily plunging into a chaotic mass of details, about the alteration of the parlor to suit so magnificent an occasion, when the gruff voice of my relation speedily put to flight my rose-colored visions:

"What! play-acting and all that rubbish—turning the house upside down—taking the carpet up in the parlor—only eleven of you. Well, upon my soul! Give me my cane!"

It is needless to say I did not hasten my fate. But alas! too few moments elapsed before my aching shoulders and aversion to a recumbent posture warned me against dreams of melo-drama in my boyhood's home.

Moodily, with red eyes, and a general feeling of bluesiness, I went out to acquaint friend Ote of the abrupt extinguisher our hopes had received. By him I was met with every demonstration of pity, on recounting my martyrdom in the Theban cause. Bitterly did we revile with school-boy vehemence the puritanical obtuseness with which grandfather refused to see the enlightening effects of the domestic drama. At length, however, we concluded wisely that vituperation was of no help to our plans; so with much cogitation we resolved ourselves into a committee of two, two discuss ways and means. Ultimately, it was decided that a good natured farmer (whose son was in our school and one of the players) should be asked to further our views in the matter of a stage. Comforted somewhat by having a fixed course resolved

upon, but still smarting under the vigorous infliction of the morning, I took my way back to the house.

The next, for such was the quaint name our house was known by, was situated on the rise of a hill, around which the main road crept. To reach it, therefore, it was necessary to turn from the highway into a private lane. The place was very retired; the main reason for its purchase by my grandfather, worn out by some half-century of city life. Into this lane, then I walked, and was whistling gaily as I walked, half my annoyance of the morning being forgotten by exercise in the keen air, and my anticipations of our coming fun, when I was confronted by two men. The suddenness of their appearance startled me; nor did a closer inspection of the gentlemen prepossess me more favorable. The first was a great hulking, beetle-browed fellow, on whose receding forehead "crime" was legibly imprinted. His companion though smaller of stature, and less formidable aspect, was infinitely more repulsive, and the low cunning of his blotched and dirty face caused me to shudder involuntarily. They each carried bags, nor was my surprise as to their being hawkers apparently incorrect, for with a glance at his fellow-peddler, the short one came forward and said in a whining voice:

"Any pretty pictures, my little dear, this morning?—very cheap and very fine—only look, my nice little boy."

So saying he thrust into my hand one or two of the gaudy pictures, so commonly hawked about the country. Though but a child I instinctively felt my feeling of repulsion deepen, as the cringing accents of the man fell upon my ear.

With a hurried negative I passed on, but not without hearing the deep undertone of the latter man pour forth a blasphemy, accompanied by the words:

"I guess that's the cut of the old 'un."

At the time I did not pay much attention to the speech, as I had an undefinable longing to place a greater distance between us, and on arriving at the house it was speedily forgotten for the time, through the discovery of my grandfather in a tremendous rage.

I must here mention that among the oddities of my relation was his utter dislike to anything in money matters that resembled credit. In all his dealings he expected and paid ready money. To further his views on this subject, he was in the habit of drawing very large amounts from the bank in a bulk, thereby always having ready money in the house.

On this identical morning he had just received a large sum, and it was during the counting of this that I had disturbed him by the mention of my unlucky play.

It appears that during my absence he had discovered some fancied error made by the bank officials, and was in a perfect fury about it. However, after the whole day spent in fuming and fretting, and threats of withdrawing his account, he found it to be an oversight of his own, and became more pacified.

Our household was a small one, consisting of my aforementioned old black nurse, who, with a young girl, comprised the female portion of its inmates, grandfather and myself.

The inexorable laws of the establishment doomed an early retirement to bed, so about eight o'clock I found my first care was to clothe myself in the dress I had managed for the ill-used false hair, and to rehearse that part with the utmost delight to myself.

Having commenced the dress rehearsal, inclination and duty rendered it incumbent on me to go through with it. In accordance with this very proper feeling, I had doffed the habiliments which the badly-treated youth was supposed to have worn in the flesh for the more unsightly toilet popularly ascribed to ghosts in general and the toms in particular.

To heighten the horrible and impress my audience with a due respect for the ghastly aspect of the apparition, I had decided upon using a phosphoric preparation.

Thinking it would be better to ascertain the effect of this myself, before relying on it as a certain success, I was busily engaged rubbing some on my face when I heard my grandfather's step on the stairs beneath. I was aware of what to expect if caught in flagrante delicto, so in a moment I put out the candle, and in goes his ghostship to bed.

Now whether the drama had made me drowsy (some possess that faculty to a remarkable degree) or whether my canning had heightened my naturally sleepy nature, I cannot vouch for, but what ever the cause, I must instantaneously have fallen asleep. I had passed through a maze of half-connected dreams when I was awakened by a noise resembling a cat's claws scratching against glass; though but half aroused, I felt great surprise at such an unusual sound, being aware that (on account of my grandfather's antipathy to all dumb things) no animal could be in the house.

Dreadfully puzzled, but not sufficiently awakened to give the matter much thought, I was returning to the land of dreams, when a creaking as of my grandfather's bedroom window being softly raised, at once caused my senses to return. It was clear something was wrong; an old man of such regular habits and profound dread of rheumatism as my grandfathers could never be guilty of opening his window, on demi-toilette, on an intensely cold winter's night. So now, thoroughly alive to the fact of all not being right, I sat up in bed and listened, with an intensity to hear which only those who have felt an undefinable sense of danger can understand.

For a moment or so all was still, until the windows of the slightly built frame house trembled, as though some heavy body had just deposited itself on the floor beneath.

In an intensity of excitement, with the perspiration rolling off my brow, I breathlessly waited to hear what would follow. The silence was unbroken for a moment; then I could distinguish a muffled cry of pain, in what seemed to me the voice of my grandfather. Instantly following this, I heard the whining accents of the peddler of my morning's recollection, as he said:

"Finish him, Ike, if he tries that on again!"

In a moment all was clear to me. Those men whom I had met were some desperadoes, who, hearing of my grandfather's peculiar habits, and perhaps aware of his receiving some large sums of money that day, had determined upon robbing the house, feeling safe in the absence of any near help.

They had been reconnoitering this morning and doubtless their pretended bags of pictures were filled with tools. In an agony of helplessness I sat trying to scheme some means of help to prevent what might be murder. An age of thoughts seemed consumed, and yet no tangible aid had struck me. To get assistance seemed out of the question, it being a full half mile to any house from the West.

What could be done? Tortured and agitated with thoughts like these, an eternity of pain appeared to drag its way during those few seconds of perplexity.

Ha! a thought! My mind saw but one slender chance of saving the old man, but at all risks that should be tried. Sliding cautiously from the bed to the floor, I groped on the washing-stand for the phosphorus.

Once found, it needed but a moment to cover my face with it. Then passing my hand over the breast of the old night-gown, the representative of the winding sheet in our intended theatricals, to feel if the piece of red ribbon (representing the ill-used false hair's fatal wound) was safe, I opened my chamber door.

With a silent prayer for the success of my scheme, I tremblingly tiptoed down the flight of stairs which separated my grandfather's bed-room from my own. At the outside of his door I gave a great gulp to swallow the irrepressible feelings I labored under, and softly turned the handle. My suspicions were but too true. Extended on the bed lay the gaunt figure of the old man.

Bending over him, with the horny knuckles of his hand buried deep in my grandfather's throat, stood the bigger ruffian of my morning's encounter. Nimble flitting around the room, and opening noiselessly the bureau, chest, and old-fashioned desk of my relative, was the ferret-eyed scoundrel.

I presented a strange picture to me, standing in deep shadow. The bright moonlight streaming over the bed gave a lurid light to the gleam of the old man's eyes as he essayed vainly to shriek for help.

The giant form of the burglar standing over him looked like some evil spirit of legendary lore, while the fantastic motions of his companion might well have passed for those of an attendant imp.

The time for action had arrived. Moving stealthily forward into the center of the room, where the pale moonbeams gave full play to the ghastly scintillation of the phosphorus, and pointing my hand to my apparently gory breast, I said in a hollow voice:

"I am here!"

I cannot describe the scene that ensued. Surprised at the strange voice, the men turned simultaneously. Language cannot paint the look of the two faces. For a moment they seemed spellbound, as though held in the silence of terror by an extremity of horror.

This was but for a moment. With a spring like that of a wildcat on his prey, the would-be robber who was holding my grandfather reached the window. His friend, it is needless to say, was not long behind him. With-out a thought of their necks they leapt affrightedly to the ground. Up to this moment indomitable will had sustained me; but no sooner did I become convinced of their genuine retreating footsteps than with a faint cry I fell heavily to the ground.

When I reopened my eyes I was in the arms of my grandfather who was tenderly nursing me, while the gray dawn of a winter's morning was suddenly breaking. I will not speak of the extravagances of the old man in his gratitude, but I will mention what seemed to me the greatest proof of his thankfulness, and that was his unqualified consent to the production of our drama some few nights after.

It is pleasant to chronicle its entire success, which, I may modestly add, was indebted in a great measure to the "celebrity" the spectral effect had attained.

Up to the time of my grandfather's death he always insisted upon the observance of the anniversary of the ghost's appearance.

I have little to add, save to record the fate of the two villains. They were captured some months afterward and tried for the murder of an old lady under peculiarly cruel circumstances. The shorter of the two expired his crime on the scaffold, while his brother criminal was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

And this, reader, is how I became a hero.

Waiting for a Cue.

Guest (in hotel bedroom, shivering)—Cold as all out-doors! I want a fire. Quick!

Porter (opening a window)—Yes, sah; bettah air the room, sah; awful close heah.

"Why, I'll freeze with that up. Wool! Put it down."

"Yes, sah, right away, sah. There, sah. Perhaps this other window hasn't so much draught, sah. Try that, sah."

"Great snakes! Wool! Put it down. I want a fire I tell you. I'm half frozen. Can't you see?"

"Yes, sah. Pretty cold heah, sah, but not half so cold as in Dakota. I was in Dakota once, sah, and—"

"Hang Dakota. Why don't you get some coal?"

"Yes, sah, right away, sah. Evah in Montana, sah! I spent one winter in Montana, and it 'most took my hide off, I jes tell you, sah. Why, say, one mornin', sah, I think it was January or February, sah, mebbey in December; you see, sah, I ain't very good at dates, but it was—"

"Here! Here's a quarter."

Porter (starting off)—Have big blaze in minute, sah.—New York Weekly.

Mr. Lee's Retentive Memory.

The imitative and retentive powers of the Chinese mind have long been proverbial, and they are but rarely questioned, but a kindhearted lady who undertook to base her efforts to educate a young Chinaman upon those faculties had her long-established belief badly shattered. There are a score or more of ladies of means and leisure in this city who are greatly devoted to the cause of the Chinese, and they devote a large share of their time to efforts to educate and Christianize the heathen sons of the Celestial Empire who find their way to this city. A Mrs. Brownlie, who lives in West Philadelphia, is one of the latest additions to this corps of philanthropic ladies, and her first effort was an experiment in teaching the English language by a method of her own devising. Her pupil was a bright-looking young Chinaman named Ying Shuen Lee.

To carry out her plan of teaching English in object lessons Mrs. Brownlie took young Lee out to the Zoological Garden, thinking that his interest in the animals would be sufficient to fasten in his memory what she might desire to say about them. This is the way she proceeded:

"Ying, this is an elephant, the largest land animal."

"Yes, Elephant. He heap big."

"This is a camel from Arabia. He can go many days without water."

"Yes. Camel can go long 'thout water."

"Here is a monkey. The monkey lives in a tree and swings by his tail."

"Monkey heap tall, and lib in tree."

"Now, Ying, that animal in the water is a seal. His skin makes a nice cloak."

"Um. He seal. Him make belly good coat."

"And this is a cow. She is tame and gives milk; and this is a hen. The hen lays eggs."

This kind of antipathetic service was conducted by Mrs. Brownlie until she had gone the rounds of the garden. Meeting Head-keeper Byrne on the way, she introduced Ying Lee to him, and told the Chinaman that he watched all the animals and saw that they were properly fed and cared for. Then she sat down and endeavored to draw from her pupil the information she had imparted to him.

"Now, Ying," she began, "can you tell me what the elephant is?"

After a moment of reflection, Ying replied, with a thoughtful air: "Elephant—he little animal, heap long tail; climb trees, I guess."

Mrs. Brownlie kindly corrected Ying's erroneous impressions about the elephant, and started anew with her catechism.

"You know what a cow is, don't you, Ying?"

"He-he-he gif eggs and swim water?" was the halting query of the Chinaman.

"No, no, no!" impatiently interrupted his instructor, and then she sifted out of his head his mixed idea of the seal, hen and cow. Then, with some misgiving, she proceeded:

"Do you remember Mr. Byrne?"

"Oh! yes. We know him. He come from 'Rabia, and drink belly little water."

The Chinaman gave this answer with a look of supreme triumph, but poor Mrs. Brownlie hesitated between laughing and crying. Finally concluding to do neither, she warmly restored Mr. Byrne's character in Ying's mind and with all the courage she could muster she tried over again.

"The hen, Ying. Do you remember what I told you about the hen?"

Ying did not answer at once, but buried himself in thought for two minutes and then began:

"I know him hen. He heap big, gif milk. He haf one tail front, one tail back. He—"

But Mrs. Brownlie did not wait for any further revelations concerning the hen. She led Ying away from the Garden, and as they passed out through the gate the ticket-seller heard the Chinaman innocently ask: "Him monkey libe in water or lay eggs, Miss Blownee?"—The Philadelphia Record.

Physiology of Evil.

Dr. B. W. Richardson declares that the man of science finds two natural causes of evil in mankind—heredity and early environment. The operation of these causes is made conspicuous in a novel investigation carried out by Mr. Dugdale, of New York, who has been able to trace one criminal family back to the settlement of its first members in America. He has found that from this parent stock have sprung 1,200 descendants, and has followed the life record of 709, not one of whom has escaped the contamination of evil or its consequences. His researches have led to the estimate that in 75 years the treatment of the crimes of this family have cost the State more than a million and a quarter of dollars. Those who are born bad, however, are not always inculpable. Mr. Isaac Ashe, President of the Central Criminal Asylum, Dublin, has suggested that inherited tendencies to crime be treated in the young by teaching useful occupations calling into play the faculties exercised in the criminal acts. Thus the child of a clever forger might be educated into an honest draughtsman; and the natural inclinations of children of generations of pickpockets may be turned into healthy channels by teaching some handicraft requiring a special capacity of finger, such as watch-making. But to attempt to eradicate a criminal tendency without such utilization of it is futile.

The Future of Petroleum.

The present annual product of petroleum is about 2,000,000,000 gallons, half of which is produced by the United States. The Canadian region of Bakul produces about 420,000,000 gallons, and many of the wells have had to be closed because the oil could not be taken away. Galicia produces about 36,000,000, Burmah about 7,000,000 and Canada 25,000,000 gallons. The resources of Burmah and Canada are only just beginning to be developed, and it is impossible to tell what magnitude the trade will amount to when improved means of transport have been provided. In the basin of the Mackenzie River is believed to be the most extensive oil region in the world; but it is about 400 miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is no doubt that when

the difficulties of transport has been surmounted and cheaper oil is available, it is destined to be a formidable rival of coal for many purposes, especially the firing of boilers, and for various metallurgical processes, for which its freedom from sulphur, etc., renders it particularly suitable.

Came Down a Few Pegs.

One morning, scarcely a fortnight after Gen. Jackson's arrival at the White House, a shabby-genteel looking man presented himself at his parlor and after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents and his unimpeachable rectitude fully entitled him.

"We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; but our exertions were unremitting; I myself went round to stimulate my neighbors, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes, and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!"

The General thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant if he did not think that his election gave satisfaction to a vast majority of the people, and at last regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account.

"Oh, no matter for that, sir," said he; "I did it with pleasure—I did it for myself and for my country" (the General bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the General bowed again).

"I thought, sir, that, as you are now President of the United States, I might, perhaps, be useful to you in some official capacity." (The General looked somewhat embarrassed.) "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your Cabinet Ministers?"

"I have," was the reply of the General.

"Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe."

"I am sorry to say there is no vacancy."

"Then you will, perhaps, require a head-clerk in the Department of State?"

"These are generally appointed by the respective Secretaries."

"I am very sorry for that; then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment."

I never interfere with these; you must address yourself to the heads of departments."

"But could I not be Postmaster in Washington? Only think, General, how hard I worked for you?"

"I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election, but the Postmaster for the City of Washington is already appointed."

"Well, I don't care much for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk."

"This is a subject you must mention to the Postmaster."

"Why, then, General," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you got an old black coat?"

You may well imagine that the General gave him one.—Yankee Blade.

Gladstone's Daily Life.

Mr. Gladstone lives a very regular life at his home. He breakfasts lightly about 7 o'clock, and shortly before 8 walks to the church for prayers. To the intelligent observer the sight of the great statesman walking to church at this early hour in the morning cannot fail to be interesting. Clad in a long coat, tightly buttoned, with a long shawl wrapped closely around his neck, and wearing a soft felt hat, his appearance is decidedly picturesque. Upon his return to the castle from morning prayers, he retires to his study, where he reads and answers, with the aid of his secretary, his enormous mass of daily correspondence. There is no regular hour for luncheon at the castle and it is taken at various times. In the afternoon Mr. Gladstone takes a walk in the grounds, and if the weather is propitious usually engages in his favorite exercise of tree chopping. He dines at 8 o'clock, afterwards reads or writes, and at 10 o'clock retires for the night. Though abstemious in his habits, he usually drinks bitter beer with his lunch and a glass of two or claret or port at dinner. Mr. Gladstone is not in any sense ascetic, is a generous liver and is a great believer in the virtues of a glass of good port wine. When engaged in speaking his fillip is a compound of sherry and egg, which is prepared by Mrs. Gladstone with as much anxiety and care as if it were the elixir of life. Mr. Gladstone never smoked. He acquired his habits at a period when tobacco smoking was generally regarded as somewhat vulgar among the better class.—Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

An Odd Character.

A queer chap is an old man employed as night porter at the Plumstead Workhouse, near London. The fellow has not been in bed for nearly seven years. He sometimes dozes in his chair at the lodge gate, but is seldom undisturbed for half an hour at a time, and the longest sleep he has had since 1872 was one stretch of three hours. He is 75 years of age, but is quite active, and in capital health. A few months ago he became a teetotaler and gave up smoking because he consumed nine ounces of tobacco a week, and considered the habit to be extravagant. As he never needs rest, he is never off duty, except when he takes a holiday. After concluding his night watch at the gate, he takes a day watch as assistant porter at the workhouse, and does this double task for months together without relief or change.

Good Come of Evil.

Johnny Dumpsey—Oh, ma! I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day.

Mrs. Dumpsey (quite gratified)—Why, darling?

Johnny Dumpsey—Because the scholars all laughed at me so to-day that the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fishing with Bill Peck.

—Burlington Free Press.

ODD, QUEER AND CURIOUS.

An autopsy on a Wisconsin man a few days ago revealed five jack-knives in his stomach.

A FARM near Macduff, Scotland, has been handed down from father to son for 300 years.

It is reported that a floating island 300 yards in diameter has been found in Honey Lake, Idaho.

THERE is a young lady in Virginia who can write two love letters at once—one with each hand.

A THIRTY Ohio girl sold a batch of old love letters to the ragman last week. She realized 30 cents, which, she declares, is a good deal more than they are worth.

The giant diamond, lately discovered in Cape Colony, weighs 180 carats and is valued at \$3,000,000. It is said to be of the first water, and as pure as the famous Regent in the French Crown diamonds.

A SOUTH CAROLINA man who was curious to know just how much stuff an alligator could get away with when he felt well, fed out a hind-quarter of a cow, seven chickens, a sheep, four geese and a hog's head before the reptile backed water.

CAIRO has a grocer named Tyler, and the first question he asks of a would-be purchaser is: "Do you snore?" If the fact is admitted that ends the matter right then and there—no purchase can be made. He has taken a vow not to sell even a strawberry to a man who snores.

WHEN the Seminole Indians of Florida elect a chief they choose the biggest fighter and most successful hunter of the tribe. If there happens to be a tie between two candidates, their method of deciding it is to have each candidate place a live coal on his wrist. The one who finches first loses the office.

A HORSE employed in a lumber mill at Guernville, Cal., for the last twelve years, to haul away the sawdust, has become so well acquainted with his work that he goes from one hopper to another, through intricate passageways, without a driver, and never strikes a post. He begins and quits work by the whistle, the same as the men.

A YOUNG lady of Carlisle, Penn., has received a bill amounting to over one hundred dollars that tells a little history. The bill came from a jilted man, and in it she is charged with twenty-two yards of silk dress goods, two gold bracelets worth \$40, one diamond ring, a hat, and several other items. The above named articles were presents from him.

FRANK GIBBONS of Hibernia, N. Y., was the greatest guesser of the age. He could guess the number of eggs in a basket, the quantity of milk in a pail, the number of sticks of wood in a load, how many bushels of corn would be husked from a patch, and in one hundred instances he guessed within one or two how many grains of corn there were on an ear.

JOHN MILLER, an Iowa farmer, took a big umbrella off a beer wagon, climbed to the top of a windmill and opened it and then jumped for an easy sail to the earth. The umbrella turned inside out, and John had both legs, one arm, three ribs and a shoulder blade broken, and the girl he was going to marry called him a fool and declared all contracts off.

His Arm Was Talked Off.

The other evening Smyth went over to the New Windsor to hear the California Opera Company sing "Donna Juanita." He is a great admirer of John McWade, the popular baritone, and it was especially to hear him sing that he visited the North Side. The curtain had gone up on the first act when he reached the theater, and he dropped into one of a row of vacant seats in the rear of the house. Pretty soon a very fresh and talkative young man fell into a seat next to Smyth, and began to talk to him about the show business. The young fellow was a perfect stranger to him, and Smyth was greatly annoyed at his persistence—he wanted to hear the performance. Pretty soon McWade came on. He was dressed as an officer, and when he began his opening solo, which Smyth prepared to listen to attentively, the young bore at his elbow blurted out: